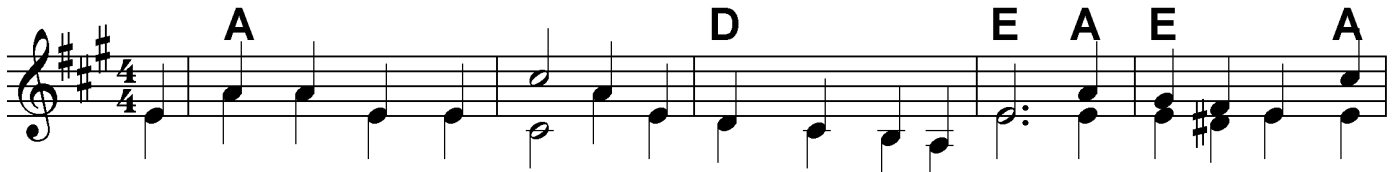


We Plow the Fields

Words:: Matthias Claudis, 1782, tr. by Jane M. Campbell, 1861

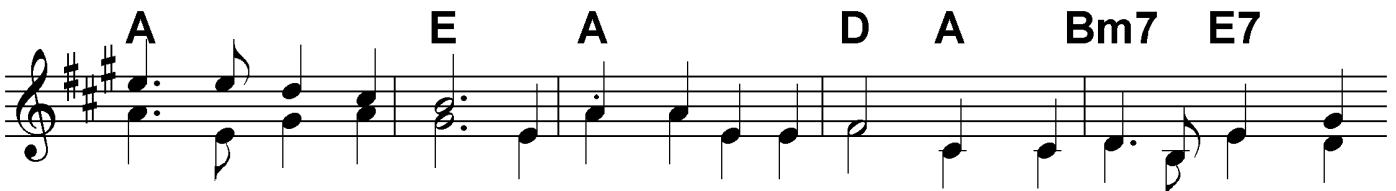
Music: Johann A. P. Schulz, 1800



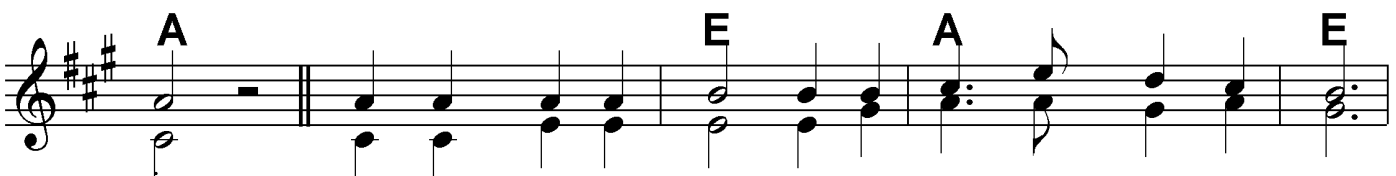
1. We plow the fields and scat - ter the good seed on the land, But it is fed and
2. He on - ly is the Mak - er of all things near and far, He paints the wayside
3. We thank Thee then, O Fa - ther, for all things bright and good, Theseed - time and the



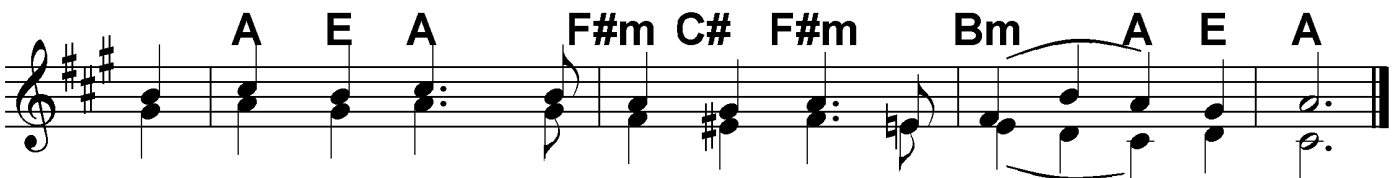
wa - tered By God's al - might - y hand. He sends the snow in win - ter, the
flow - er, He lights the eve - ning star; The winds and waves o - bey Him, by
har - vest, Our life, our health, our food; No gifts have we to of - fer for



warmth to swell the grain, the breez - es and the sun - shine, And soft re - fresh - ing
Him the birds are fed; much more to us His chil - dren, He gives our dai - ly
all Thy love im - parts, but that which Thou de - sirest: Our hum - ble thank - ful



rain.
bread. All good gifts a - round us are sent from heav'n a - bove;
hearts.



Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord for all His love.